



Tattersall's Club Magazine

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OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 10 No. 9. 1st November, 1937.



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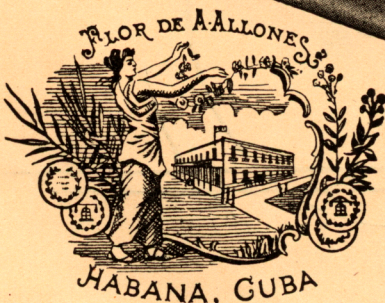
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SYDNEY
Established 1858

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club
157 Elizabeth Street
Sydney

Vol. 10

NOVEMBER 1.

No. 9.

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•
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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Thursday, 30th December, 1937, and Saturday, 1st January, 1938. Entries for The Carrington Stakes (First Day) and Tattersall's Club Cup (Second Day), close at 4 p.m. on Monday, 22nd November, 1937.

The Club Man's Diary

When Winooka, satin-skinned, and stepping with the graceful poise of a cat stalking a canary, paraded in the bird cage before going to the post for the Doncaster of 1935, a friend who had seen thoroughbreds in three continents, turned to me and exclaimed: "There's a picture!" He paused, as if turning over in memory, the pages of an album, and added: "I've seen no finer picture in all my travels."

Infected by his enthusiasm, I put in: "Winooka's a poem, but a poem to which justice could be done by one only with the gifts of A. B. ("Banjo") Paterson."

And, then, within the next few minutes, the stately thoroughbred was limping back to the birdcage, a tragic spectacle, both back tendons severed, apparently a hopeless case. Everybody was saddened.

But the miracle happened. Under the scientific veterinary attention of Mr. V. E. H. Davis, and the constant care of Mr. Mick Polson, trainer, Winooka made a marvellous recovery. In due course, he was taken to the stud of Mr. A. J. Matthews, his owner, at Peak Hill, and given 14 mares for the first season. He got 12 foals, of which nine are the property of Mr. Matthews, and all of which will come up for sale at Easter, 1938.

There is a story attached to one of them, a bay colt out of Soumise (Heroic-Sibar). This mare, Mr. Matthews recalled, was backed at Eagle Farm (Brisbane) to beat Winooka in the first race he won. Soumise was in second place.

We then recalled the ding-dong battle, actually a match race between the sire of Winooka (Windbag) and the sire of Soumise (Heroic) at Randwick, with Jimmy Munro on Windbag, and the late Hughie Cairns on Heroic. My recollection is that Windbag prevailed by half a length, or so, but that Cairns—one of the greatest all-round riders Australia has produced—entered a protest on the score of crossing. It wasn't upheld, but remains among the crowd as one of racing's controversies.

I asked Mr. Matthews if the accident suffered by Winooka had proved a permanent disability.

"No," he said. "Winooka to-day looks fit enough to race again."

The parade of the sire's first foals will be eagerly awaited, as Mr. Matthews told me that they greatly resembled his champion.

At this time of writing, the news about Talking, another great product of Windbag, is more hopeful. Such happenings bring into brave



Mr. A. J. Matthews.

relief the sportsmanship of those who go racing.

People forgot their wagers at first shock of the news from Melbourne, and their thoughts were centred in seeing "a good horse saved for a good sportsman." It's the very least that could be wished one so keen and courageous as Mr. A. E. Cooper has proved. Apart from the fortunes of the sportsman, the asset which investments of the scale made by Mr. Cooper represent to the Turf should always be a primary consideration.

* * *

Back in the early nineteen-hundreds, a stout-hearted team of Rugby Union footballers delved in the City and Suburban Competition, and won a niche in history, if for no other reason than that "Dally" Messenger was of its ranks. Many in this Club will recall that team, the Warrigals; and the recollection is revived here because of the death, last month, of its valiant captain, Mr. D. W. (Dave) Lynch.

Perhaps some will recall how he played in the front row, where—

some also will tell you—"the real footballers play." They do not scintillate. They are not meant so to do, in the general scheme of things, but they are match-winners equally with the more spectacular backs.

Dave was one of those men; more, he played the game in the true spirit—for the love of the game. It was how he played the game of life. He had an unblemished record, on the field and off. None who knew him in those days that are now numbered among the far-off, or as a member of Tattersall's Club since 1922, will ever forget the friendly Dave.

Mr. Charlie Hall was also a Warrigal, and graduated to become one of the best backs of the famous old Glebe club.

"Dally" Messenger, a football figure of destiny, went on to join Eastern Suburbs and—here's another highlight in the history of the game—he played his first representative game in the first match in which the Chairman of Tattersall's Club (Mr. W. W. Hill) made his representative debut, Mr. Hill had been chosen from Newtown.

That was against Queensland at Brisbane, in 1906—two stirring games which I recall as if they had been played yesterday. N.S.W. won 11-9 and 8-6, but—you know the usual post mortems—had a Queensland forward, Guttridge, not been recalled for a questionable knock-on, as he was about to score between the posts, in the first match . . . well?

In one of those matches, three N.S.W. forwards—Billy Hill, Peter Burge and Harold Judd—wore ear-flaps. One charged the Queensland full-back—Phil Carmichael, later to win fame as custodian for the Wallabies on their British tour in 1908—charged him, after Phil had got rid of the ball, and knocked him out.

In the ensuing commotion, Barnett, a N.S.W. forward, sidled over to Mr. Hill and said: "Quick, take your ear-flaps off, Billy." Although Mr. Hill had not made the charge, he promptly obeyed, leaving but two from whom the referee might choose.

Next instant the referee called: "Go off the field —." We won't mention the name, but will rest content with saying that, with only two from whom to pick, he indicated the wrong man. In any case, the charge was not unsporting; one of those acts arising out of the tension of the game, and the N.S.W. captain (Stan Wickham) smoothed it all over, as was just, in the circumstances. We had seen it happen before, we have seen it happen since, and, no doubt, in high-strung games, will see it happen again.

* * *
Mr. E. J. Coote, probably most-travelled of Tattersall's Club members, has made almost as many trips to the East as Mr. John Fuller has made to New Zealand. None can visualise more realistically than Mr. Coote the present theatre of war, and he had something to say, you will remember, in this magazine, on the gathering clouds, following on observations of a previous tour. This time he went to America, and we hope to get a story from him on his return.

* * *
Mr. Alastair Stephen, son of the late Sir Colin Stephen, has been elected a member of Tattersall's Club. Sir Colin was a life member, and had joined shortly after he had come of age.

We bid Mr. Alastair Stephen a warm welcome, because of those family associations, as well as in personal greeting.

Sir Colin's name and splendid achievements at Randwick will be perpetuated by the A.J.C. in a manner befitting one passed from its illustrious membership. The Spring Stakes will, in future, carry his

name—and, so, a living memory has been created.

* * *
Visitors to the A.J.C. Spring racing carnival included Mr. W. J. Healy and Mr. W. D. Ross, of Tattersall's Club, Queensland.

* * *
The British Air Ministry, evidently co-operating with the Jockey Club, notified pilots that they were to avoid, as far as possible, flights over the racecourse at Doncaster, during the St. Leger meeting. Pilots who had no occasion to land at, or depart from, Doncaster airport, were requested to refrain from flying within three miles of the racecourse at an altitude of no less than 3,000 feet above sea level—which, we would say, would also be above sea level.

* * *
Mr. Claude Kingston, concert manager for J. and N. Tait, has been elected to membership of this Club. Claude is an old friend of The Club Man. If Mr. Kingston could handle horses with the same assurance as he masters temperamental prima donnas, we might safely back all his nominations. Ask an impresario-punter like E. J. Tait!

* * *
Many happy returns of November 22 to Mr. J. H. O'Dea, whose years have been enriched by many fine services to fellow sportsmen, and who has been content to accept the reward expressed simply in their goodwill.

* * *
Mr. Frank Carberry has been appointed a member of the Entertainment Committee of the Empire Games, which will form a big feature of the 1938 celebrations.

Mr. G. M. Currie, Squire of Koatanui Stud, Kai-Iwi (N.Z.), and a member of Tattersall's Club, has bred a rare two-year-old in Homily, which followed up her brilliant win in the Canonbury Stakes (in which she beat good colts) by a convincing success in the Juvenile Stakes at Tattersall's meeting. Homily is by the Son-in-Law horse, Posterity, from Homage, dam of the Breeders' Plate and N.Z. Derby winner. Honour, Courtcraft and Episode.

Two of the stock of Beau Pere—Bonheur de Pere and Beau Frere—have run prominently in the two-year-old classics. Beau Pere, a son of Son-in-Law, was bought in New Zealand by Mr. W. J. Smith, and is standing at his St. Aubins Stud (N.S.W.).

* * *
When you regard the rubicund countenance, and note the sprightly step, of Mr. John Roles, the fancy conflicts with the fact—but he is a grandfather, a brand new grandfather. You ask him, and he will tell you her name is Margaret Anne. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Phillip Roles, and her parents have a station property at Cowra.

In our childhood we recall a child in fairy costume singing:—
May every blessing on this earth combine

To make a good and happy life of thine.

That's our toast to Margaret Anne Roles.

* * *
Mr. S. S. Crick hasn't been a horse owner very long, but few his senior have had so much excitement—or, for that matter, so much success—crowded into their careers.

(Continued on Page 5.)

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Mr. Brian H. Crowley.

Ask anyone in the north-west of N.S.W. for the origin of the word Merrywinebone, and you will probably be told they do not know. Ask the same person if they know anything about the word "Oreel," and you will be immediately informed that it is the name of a famous pastoral property near Merrywinebone, on the Burren Junction-Pokataroo railway line, and the home of one, Mr. Brian H. Crowley.

Son of the late Mr. C. B. Crowley, one-time manager of "Midkin" Station, Moree, and subsequently owner of "Telleraga," Moree, and "Oreel," Merrywinebone, Brian is a real "chip off the old block" when it comes to station management, and this ability is abundantly reflected in the things you will see demonstrated should you ever chance to wander Merrywinebone way and enjoy the hospitality of the squire of "Oreel" and his charming better half.

"Like father, like son," 'tis said. Well, certain it is that Brian Crowley is like unto his sire in one respect—the love for horse racing. Consequently, it is not surprising that one meets him at most Picnic Race meetings throughout the wide North West of N.S.W., nor that one should frequently see a horse carrying his colours at these fixtures.

So far as is known, horse racing is his one and only "vice." But as he never allows the said horse racing to interfere with the business of station management, it's safe to say he has no vice at all, unless an intense love for man's greatest animal friend can be classified as such.

Mr. W. A. Greacen, of Maxwellton.

A big man in every sense of the word. Tall in stature, broad-shouldered and broad-minded, wide visioned, in fact, truly typical of one's conception of what a successful Australian man on the land ought to be. That's Mr. W. A. Greacen, of "Glengalla" Station, Maxwellton, up Queensland way, or just plain "Bill" to all his intimate friends.

And that's the very reason why, after successfully following pastoral pursuits in the Moree (N.S.W.) district for several years, way back in the early nineteen hundred's, his aspirations lead him farther afield to the broader spaces of Queensland.

Opportunities were too limited, spaces too small, in Moree district for Bill's idea of the fitness of things. And so, good as Moree district undoubtedly is—and none will be found to acknowledge the fact more readily than he—Queensland had an appeal for him that simply could not be resisted.

It's easy to understand why, when you measure things by the standard of men like unto the Bill Greacen type.

Big things will always, to men of his stamp, have a big appeal. Acres contain the same area the world over. It's the number you put a boundary fence around and call a station that counts.

Five thousand acres may be a fairly large holding in most of New South Wales's pastoral districts, but you have to multiply that number by the numeral ten before you've got a fairly large holding in the pastoral districts of Queensland.

And what of his ability to handle big things? Visit "Glengalla," or any property or undertaking touched by the guiding hand of Bill Greacen, and the answer to that question is apparent in everything you observe. Moreover, that answer will tell you very plainly that he has the capacity and ability to obtain the full 100 per cent. from the possibilities existing.

Despite the time and attention devoted to business affairs, Bill Greacen finds time to give attention to sport. An expert at none, yet he is interested in all. A dear lover of a good horse, the Turf, as one might expect, has a big appeal to him.

THE CLUB MAN'S DIARY

(Continued from Page 3.)

The tension of the Metropolitan, which Sir Regent won narrowly, after a desperate finish, a sustained run which stamped Mr. Crick's horse with handicap class, provided sufficient thrills, we should think, for the one season. But the spectacle was repeated in the Caulfield Cup, with Sir Regent just as narrowly beaten out of first place—that effort of a game horse with no luck in the running. And now the Melbourne Cup!

*I am writing to mention
A misapprehension*

*I've harboured for many long
years.*

My native conceit

That the nags could be beat

*Brought nought but dejection
and tears.*

*I've played ev'ry system,
If I tried to list 'em*

*More space would I need than
you offer.*

I've classed 'em pro rata,

Read all the data,

*And I'm left with a void in my
coffer.*

But gone are my days

With this idiot's craze,

*No more on those "certs" I'll pay
up.*

My motto, of course, is

Stay right off the horses

*Say, Tom, what looks good for
the Cup?*

* * *

The death of Mr. L. S. Barnett removed a familiar figure from the business and sporting worlds. He had carried on bravely for some time under the handicap of ill-health. It was not his nature to let up, much less give up. His life proved a record of big achievement, for he allied enthusiasm with outstanding ability.

Mr. Barnett was managing director and a member of the London board of S. Hoffnung and Coy. Ltd., the firm in which he had started as a junior 40 years ago.

He was an owner and breeder of racing stock for about 30 years. Greenline was his greatest horse, and Mr. Barnett was always proud of the fact that he had bred that winner of £17,000 in stakes.

Mr. Barnett was a member of the A.J.C. and of this Club.

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Don't Worry About Your Heart

(By Milton MacKaye)

The human heart is coming in for a considerable amount of unfavourable publicity these days. Newspapers report increasing fatalities from heart disease. Increasing public knowledge of bodily functions, of scientific discoveries concerning disease, has done wonders for public health, but has also created a lot of hypochondriacs. The symptom that cannot immediately be identified is usually attributed to the heart. The heart deserves none of this worry. There is no sound scientific evidence that it is not doing its job as well as it ever did. To an extent few of us realise, the heart adjusts itself to adverse conditions, and can repair itself with remarkable efficiency.

Dr. Frank N. Wilson, of the University of Michigan, states that imaginary heart disease—worried over and “doctored with fads and nostrums”—is almost as important a cause of human distress as the two million real heart cases in the United States.

It is only within the last 20 or 30 years that physicians themselves have given the heart its due. Doctors once nodded their heads gravely when their stethoscopes recorded a “murmur.” They spoke of “pulse intermissions” with equal concern, and most of us can remember from childhood the chill horror we felt at mention of “a leaking heart.” It seemed nothing less than a death warrant.

To-day your cardiologist will tell you that a “murmur” in a reasonably healthy person is no occasion for drawing up his will. “Pulse intermissions” may mean nothing at all except an attack of nerves. After an attack of pneumonia I was told that I had strained my heart, and would always have a murmur. Three years later it disappeared. The heart repaired itself.

During a physical examination for life insurance, a friend of mine became aware that the doctor was finding something abnormal about his heart action. He became wor-

ried and frightened. The Company's refusal to accept him completed the psychic rout. He was convinced he was marked for early death. He gave up tennis, lost interest in his work, became a dolorous hypochondriac. Years later he was persuaded to undergo another examination. The murmur had disappeared. To-day he is a highly successful writer instead of the inmate of a sanitarium—where his fear had almost carried him.

The newspapers, through no conspiracy of their own, have contributed to such fears. Headlines often chronicle: “Heart Disease Toll Steadily Rising.” A total of 312,333 deaths were attributed to this cause in 1935, 9,000 above the previous year, and twice as many as the deaths from cancer, which stood second on the list.

The figures are misleading. Eventually, all of us die from failure of the heart. But the heart is a mirror of all the organs it serves; if one of them fails, an additional burden is placed on the long-suffering pump. Few people die of one malady—they die of many. The attending physician has to name the principal contributing cause. Fashions in diagnosis change. In old people, for instance, what used to be listed as “senility” may now be attributed to “heart collapse.” Hence a comparison of modern findings with statistics of the 90's proves little.

It may be that the public's agitation about the heart is due to a misconception of the average adult's life expectancy. True, insurance tables show that life expectancy at birth has been raised some 20 years since the 80's, and is now 60.31 years in the U.S. What these figures mean, however, is not a greatly increased life span for adults, but a decreased rate among children. As late as 1916, 106 out of every 1,000 infants in Illinois died before reaching the age of one year. In 1935, the number was 46. Science saves the children, but it has not stopped the body from wearing out.

The apparently alarming heart disease statistics have been analysed scientifically by Dr. Alfred E. Cohn, of Rockefeller Hospital, in collaboration with Claire Lingg. He examined vital statistics of ten States, varying in climate and conditions, for the years 1900-1930. He found that there was no increase in death rate among people under 50 years of age. There were increases among people between 50 and 60, but even these were slight in comparison with what have been regarded as facts concerning cardiac diseases.

More important, Dr. Cohn discovered that the so-called rise in heart deaths was due to beneficial rather than malignant influences. Medicine has made great strides against typhoid, scarlet fever, smallpox, diphtheria, and tuberculosis. The change in heart deaths coincided almost exactly with the change in the death rate from infectious diseases. Man must die of something, and the less likely he is to die of infectious diseases, the more likely he is to die of heart disease. Not the number of deaths, but the age of death is important. It is significant that only in the seventh and eighth decades of life were the circulatory diseases shown to be any more serious than they ever had been. And at those ages, inevitably, the body, for one reason or another, must wear out.

This should be cheerful news for the hypochondriacs, but there is also cheerful news for the proved sufferers from heart complaints. With proper care, thousands of them may expect to live many reasonably happy and comfortable years.

One current bogey is “athlete's heart,” supposedly a great enlargement resulting from violent exercise. Actually, the enlargement in a normal athlete is so slight as to be detectable only by the most exact methods. Here are a number of other legends, all untrue:

That tobacco, tea, or coffee, in reasonable amounts, injure the heart.

(Continued on Page 9.)



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(Continued from Page 7.)

That lively exercise will injure hearts of growing children.

That a skipping heart means immediate or serious danger.

That drugs in customary doses affect the heart.

That alcohol has an important effect on the heart as compared to other organs.

That cold or blue hands, palpitation, pain over the heart, or difficulty in drawing a deep breath necessarily means organic heart trouble. The latter symptom is common among nervous individuals, and, in youth especially, is seldom due to the heart.

As for the actual diseases of the heart, Dr. Ernst. P. Boas places them in four categories: those due to syphilis, rheumatic fever, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries.

Syphilis, of course, attacks not only the heart, but the whole body. It is sinister, but it is one form of heart disease that the doctors know how to prevent. If syphilis is wiped out, one tenth of the fatalities from heart disease will at once be erased.

No appreciable progress has been made in the fight against rheumatic fever. It is a plague that directs itself chiefly against children—over one per cent. of children of school age are its victims. It occurs at the average age of 12, and if the sufferer's heart is appreciably damaged, he has a small chance of living more than 15 years. In many scientific institutions research men are attempting to isolate the germ or virus of this mysterious and dangerous ailment, and in such endowed sanitariums as New York's Irvington House, heart-crippled children are given excellent care while their case histories are studied and laboratory tests proceed.

From high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries—often coincidental—stem most of the ordinary cardiac ailments. Mysterious and complicated as the causes of high blood pressure may be, it is a hard fact that 60 per cent. of the victims eventually suffer from heart disease. The heart enlarges to meet the increased burden of pushing blood through narrow, resisting channels, and after a while it tires.

Arteriosclerosis, coronary disease, and chronic nephritis are disorders associated with high blood pressure. Arteries embedded in the brain tend to rupture, producing a "stroke." Usually, one stroke is followed by another, and in the end the subject dies or becomes helpless. There are, however, many cases on record of men who have had one stroke and no recurrence.

The idea that specific diets cause high blood pressure is now pretty well discredited, although for years the public was warned against heavy consumption of such protein foods as meat, fish, eggs and cheese.

One thing, however, is sure: over-eating and resulting obesity are deleterious to longevity. Insurance actuaries say that lean men live longer. Fat men demand of their hearts a more difficult pumping job.

Most cardiologists believe that the "strain and stress" of modern life is a factor in heart disease. In rural sections fewer people die of heart complaints than in metropolitan areas. City men, particularly those in the higher brackets of income and intelligence, lack serenity. They rarely sleep enough. After a strenuous day's work, they keep social engagements when they should be recuperating. More men than women have heart disease. In a violently competitive world, men are too prone to think they have no time to rest. And they worry.

The nervous system and the ductless glands that control the emotions are likely to be more responsible for circulatory ailments than the heart itself. The thyroid and adrenal glands are influenced by the brain and the nerves, and can secrete in the blood substances which drive the heart to furious effort and deny it repose.

New York's Cardiac Vocational Service watches over youngsters afflicted with heart disease. The ten-year report on the effect of school and industry on 477 cases shows that many cardiac sufferers are able to carry on ordinary or slightly limited activities without discomfort—even, with few exceptions, gymnastic activities other than competitive games.

An encouraging research was recently reported by the Medical Re-

search Council of London. The subjects were 1,000 ex-service men with proved organic heart disease of many types. At the end of ten years, 51 per cent. of the patients were alive, and 42 per cent. of these supposedly doomed men had lived uneventfully throughout the period with unchanged physical symptoms.

It is high time that millions of people stopped worrying needlessly about their hearts. A good percentage of those who spend sleepless nights listening to their pulses resound like gongs against the bed spring have no occasion for concern. Roast duck, or a bad day at the office are quite as likely to be responsible as an auricle on a rampage. There is a simple way out for the man who is nursing fears:

Have an examination by a competent physician. He can tell you in short order whether you have heart disease or not. If you haven't, stop thinking about it. If you have, follow the physician's instructions and the chances are that you may enjoy as long and comfortable a life as your heredity destined you for.

In short, don't worry. Heart deaths are increasing, but heart disease is not.



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The early history of this exceptional sire of stayers should be of interest, as the line of blood from

description, and wanted to know how much her owner, Sir James Duke, wanted for her. 'Well,' said Hubby, 'she is not a winner, and, being a young mare, has not had time to breed a winner; so I think £1,000 would represent her value.' Hubby was then and there authorised to offer £1,000. He sent the offer for-

ward, but Sir James Duke refused to sell at the figure proposed, but finally accepted £1,500, which was to be increased to £2,000 if the mare, who was in foal to Carbine, produced a colt. Thus quite by chance, as it were, Maid of the Mint, daughter of Minting, became the property of Sir Tatton Sykes, and Sledmere was her home for the future. In due time she produced a colt foal, and so Sir James Duke got his extra £500. The colt was Spearmint, who, 22 years of age, died of colic at Old Connell, Newbridge, county Kildare, on June 24, 1924.

One of the greatest racehorses and sires of the last 50 years was the Carbine horse Spearmint, who not only won the English Derby, but sired a son to win that great classic. This was Spion Kop, who, in turn, begot Felstead, winner of the race in 1928. Should Felstead become the sire of a Derby winner, he will have established a record for Spearmint, for, up to date, no other stallion can boast of having won the race and then had the victories continued for three more generations. But so far Felstead has produced only a third, and that was Field Trial, in 1935. Still, there is yet time for him to make a record for Spearmint, as he is only 12 years of age.

But Spearmint's fame does not rest entirely on the deeds of his descendants in the Derby, as his son Royal Lancer won the English and Irish St. Legers in 1922, while his daughters have become stud gems as brood mares. Sir Gallahad III. and Bulldog (who are brothers) are two of the leading sires in America, and they are the offspring of the Spearmint mare, Plucky Liege. The list of high-class winners sired by Spearmint and by sons of Spearmint would take up too much space for the limits of this article. Suffice it to state that, where stamina is concerned, most of the great winners in England and America have the Spearmint blood in their veins. In Australia, we all know what a great stayer Spearfelt was, and if he had had the good fortune to be placed in one of the fashionable studs of New South Wales, he would most certainly have advertised the value of the bloodlines of his grandsire, Spearmint. However, in Queensland he has done remarkably well, as most of the best stay-



SPEARMINT.

Bay horse, bred in England in 1903, by Carbine—Maid of the Mint. He won the English Derby and Grand Prix de Paris, and has sired many famous sons and daughters.

which he springs (the Musket line) has been before Australians since the early 'eighties of last century. This is what was written of Spearmint just after his death on June 24, 1924:—

"One bleak day in the early spring of 1902, the late Sir Tatton Sykes visited the Duke of Portland's stud at Welbeck to see two of his mares that had been sent there to be mated with St. Simon and Carbine. After completing that duty, the old gentleman asked Hubby, the Duke's stud groom, whether he knew of a good mare that could be bought. Hubby was afraid he did not, but remarked casually that they then had at Welbeck 'the finest young mare in England.' This paragon was in a paddock some distance away, but Sir Tatton made it his business to go and see her. He found that she more or less complied with Hubby's

In the ordinary course of events Spearmint went to the Doncaster yearling sales. A week or so before Sir Tatton's team left Sledmere, Major Eustace Loder, who was staying at Harrogate, motored over together with his stud manager, Mr. Noble Johnson. After inspecting the yearlings, the Major decided that the Maid of the Mint colt was one he would try to buy. Little did he then imagine that a bid of 300 guineas would satisfy his desire to possess the youngster, but so it was. The nine Sledmore yearlings that year made an average of 1190 guineas. Spearmint was the cheapest of the bunch.

"From Doncaster Spearmint went to Mr. Gilpin's stable, Clarehaven, at Newmarket, and he had not been there many weeks when he was attacked by a serious illness, which incapacitated him for five months.

Speaking of this misfortune after the colt had won the Derby, Mr. Gilpin said: 'The great marvel is not that he should be worth thousands, but so much as half a sovereign.' It was only as the result of very careful treatment that Spearmint rid himself of the effects of his illness. However, by July of 1905, he was ready to race, and was sent to Lingfield to compete for the Great Foal Plate. The fact that in a field of ten he started favourite at 9 to 4 indicates that he had been showing good form on the training track. He won all right, but it was only by a head that he beat Succory, to whom he was giving 4 lb. That was the only success to his credit, when, toward the end of May the next year, he suddenly became a prominent candidate for the Derby. Many writers spoke disparagingly of his record, and laid stress on that race at Lingfield. Commenting on what he called 'this rubbish,' Mr. Gilpin said: 'I pay no heed whatever to the form shown by a horse the first time he runs. Now and again you get a particularly sagacious youngster who understands intuitively what is expected of him or her; but, generally, speaking, they require experience

before they are able to show what they can do.'

"In Spearmint's case, experience did not avail him much that season, when he was out twice more. At his next start he was beaten three lengths into second place, and then finished unplaced in a Nursery Handicap at Newmarket, but in that race was conceding from 10lb. to 45lb. to his opponents. When all that could be said in his favour had been said, there was nothing in Spearmint's form to suggest that he was likely to develop into a classic winner. It could, of course, be claimed that, being a son of Carbine, his powers were likely to mature slowly, but that plea could not carry very far; and when, during the ensuing winter, the coming Derby was discussed, the name of Spearmint was never mentioned. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gilpin had planned not to start him in the Derby. The intention was to give Spearmint a special preparation for the Grand Prix de Paris, a race his maternal grandsire, Minting, had won twenty years before, and which no English or Irish horse had won in the meantime. There was another animal at Clarehaven who was

expected to 'take care' of the Derby. This was Sir Daniel Cooper's filly Flair. After she had easily won the One Thousand Guineas, the Derby appeared to be at her mercy. But two weeks or so before Epsom the filly met with an accident which brought her racing career to a premature conclusion. Then, and not till then, Spearmint was deputed to represent the stable in the Derby. He had been doing good work for the Grand Prix, and was fairly forward in condition. All that was necessary was to hurry on his preparation a little.

"One of his stable companions was the famous Pretty Polly, then a four-year-old; and another, the six-year-old mare Hammerkop, who had, the previous autumn, won the Cesarewitch. The date of the Derby was May 30. On the 13th, Spearmint had the first of three gallops with Pretty Polly, and shaped wonderfully well. The second took place over the Derby distance four days later, and is thus recorded: Pretty Polly, 4yrs., 8.13; Spearmint, 3yrs., 7.5; Hammerkop, 6yrs., 8.5; Waterchute, aged, 7.12: Pretty Polly was giving Spearmint 6lb. more than weight for age and sex;

(Continued on Page 20.)



Carbine winning the Melbourne Cup, 1890, from Highborn, Correze and 36 other opponents—the largest field in the history of the Cup, the highest weight (10st. 5lb.) ever carried by a winner, and the then record time of 3 min. 28½ sec.

The Smell of a Good Cigar

(By Lester Hunter) continued from October issue

Before entering a discussion of the various types of cigar tobacco it would be well if we were to clear up a popular misconception of the first magnitude. It is sheer nonsense to judge the quality of a cigar solely on the basis of the birthplace of the tobacco. As an example: the Island of Cuba produces the world's finest cigar tobacco, yet not all Havana tobacco is by any means first-grade leaf. You might as well judge a person's character by the place of his nativity! As innumerable environmental factors influence a person's character, so countless factors affect tobacco's growth.

Tobacco is an extremely sensitive plant, demanding skill and almost constant attention throughout its growing season. Weather so greatly influences the leaf that one farmer may produce excellent tobacco one year, while next year his crops may prove worth next to nothing. An intelligent farmer, climatic conditions permitting, may harvest choice crops. Across the road a careless grower produces tobacco so inferior as to command a fraction of his neighbour's price. Curing is an important step where the finest tobacco can easily be ruined. And ageing is just as important to cigar leaf as it is to wine.

Because one is just as likely to be misled as guided by the sole criterion of a tobacco's point of nativity, we'll just take a hop, skip, and jump through Tobacciana.

American cigar leaf is classified along functional lines: filler, binder, the wrapper leaf—it spite of the fact that poor binder leaf may find its way into the filler, or exceptionally fine filler leaf may be used for the binder. Curious is the fact that not a single State in the Union produces all three types.

Pennsylvania is number one cigar-leaf State in point of production. Though some good wrapper leaf is grown in limited quantities on the light alluvial soil near the rivers, her sixty million-pound-a-year pro-

duction consists mainly of a broad, long, heavy-bodied leaf most widely used for fillers and binders in the low-priced cigars.

Florida grows about twelve per cent. of America's tobacco. One type is cultivated from seed taken from the Island of Sumatra. It is shade grown—laths of cloths cover the plants during growth—and resembles its parent remarkably. Accordingly, it is put to the same use: wrapper purposes. The Cuban type is so-called because it is grown from Havana seed. Resembling its parent in size, colour, and general appearance, it lacks the fine, aromatic qualities of choice Cuban leaf. Nevertheless, it is a superior tobacco to much that grows on the Island of Cuba.

Connecticut produces a Broad-leaf and Havana-Seed variety; both for wrapper purposes. Broadleaf is a small-veined, broad, silky leaf, rich in grain and colour. Havana-Seed is a much smaller and narrower leaf that is exceedingly thin and silky. The Shadegrown Connecticut resembles the Sumatra leaf, and is strictly a high-grade wrapper type, comparing favourably, not only with the Sumatra-type of Florida, but with the genuine Sumatra itself.

New York has its Big Flats and Onondaga; Ohio its Little Dutch and Zimmer Spanish—mainly filler leaf. Wisconsin harvests a binder leaf in enormous quantities, which is frequently used in combination with Ohio or Pennsylvania filler and Connecticut wrapper leaf.

Imported tobacco deserves more than a passing word:

Sumatra, a Dutch East Indies possession, sends about ten per cent. of her annual quarter million bale production to the United States. The natural climate and soil, aided by highly developed scientific cultivation, makes for an unusually fine wrapper leaf. Neutral in flavour, therefore having an affinity to al-

most any type of tobacco, it serves as a sort of varnish to dress up and finish off a fine cigar. In spite of high tariff rates, it is still an economical leaf because of its remarkable elasticity or covering power. Roughly, two pounds of leaf will provide wrappers for one thousand cigars!

Porto Rican tobacco, thought similar to Havana, is not its equal. Mexican, similar to the Cuban, is inferior to the point that it does not reach this country except in dire emergency. Fortunately, the last emergency was the Spanish-American war. Philippine tobacco is fine leaf, but production is seriously limited by the fact that tobacco cannot be grown successfully within ten miles of a sea coast.

All tobacco grown on the Island of Cuba is called *Havana*, though various types are grown in different sections. In other words there's Havana and *Havana*!

The Province of Pinar del Rio grows the finest, known as Vuelta Abajo leaf. Havana grows Partidos, a much lighter leaf famous for its wrapper purposes, while Santa Clara provides us with the Vuelta Arriba, better known as Remedios, of high flavour and rather heavy body, suitable for blending with American types for filler purposes.

There seems to be little or no argument; no finer cigar is made than a choice Clear Havana by the cigar makers of Cuba, who religiously, if not fanatically, adhere to the ancient technique. The export cigar business of Cuba, within recent years, has been seriously impaired by economic conditions as well as by American interests to the point where a mere million fifteen-cent class cigars, and two and a half million twenty-cent-up cigars were imported last year. Cuban production, imported to America, may be regarded as limited to the custom-built Rolls Royce type of cigar.

Within the past several years, American interests who formerly

produced their complete cigars on the Island of Cuba, in an attempt to cut production costs, moved their plants lock, stock, and barrel, to the U.S.A. The Cuban *muchachos*, who stemmed the tobacco, were efficient, dependable low-wage help. But not so the high-priced temperamental *torcedores*, who burned up free cigars—of choicest tobacco you may be sure—at a furious rate. And then again, the tariff on finished cigars was tremendous.

In ultra-modern air-conditioned plants, the cigars are rolled skillfully. Instead of the Cuban *torcedores* rolling to the tones of their self-employed reader, who too frequently read fiery anti-employer matter, young girls clad in nurse-like uniforms, hand-roll cigars to the dulcet tones of a company-employed pianist. Not only have the girls displayed amazing ability and speed, but a further reduction has been realised by their abstinence from cigars—no small item. As a matter of fact, one large manufacturer estimates that his Cuban *torcedores*, who puff away at the rate of ten fine cigars per man, cost him a half-million dollars every year.

Though die-hards insist the American-made product isn't quite as good, though the man on the street believes it can't be as good because it now sells for half its former price, impartial experts and connoisseurs stoutly proclaim there is absolutely no difference in quality. In fact, they defy you or anyone else to tell one from the other.

Judging a cigar is an almost daily performance of the smoking man. Yet the fact is that few smokers really know what to look for, and what to disregard. There is a strong tendency to form fast and hard opinion based on nothing else, in essence, but one's particular taste preferences. True, in the world of taste each of us is a king unto ourselves. But this is no license to wax dictatorial and go on praising this cigar and damning another. In cigardom, it's a case of one man's sponge cake being another man's sawdust.

Your higher cigar education may be divided into two easy lessons. Lesson one is: what not to look for in a cigar, or popular fallacies.

As we mentioned, don't judge solely on the basis of the tobacco's birthplace. Light wrappers are not a sign of a mild cigar, nor dark wrappers the mark of a strong one. Since the wrapper is no more than ten per cent. of the total tobacco weight, it cannot, of itself, determine the mildness or strength. But even more important is the fact that a light wrapper is a sign of immaturity and under-curing, which, when translated into terms of smoking performance, simply means that such a wrapper, proper, will not be as mild. Not alone is the United States Government office authority for the statement; company experts prefer the darker wrappers for their own personal use.

The green spot controversy is a curious one. One faction avoids such cigars; the other regards green spots as a sign of fine tobacco. The fact is that both are wrong. Green spots mean nothing more than that some rain drops have fallen on the leaf, while in growth, focusing the sun's rays like so many magnifying glasses. Or that some harmless varieties of bacteria have invaded the plant, in no way affecting smoking quality.

While a brownish or black-tinged ash is a sign of coarse tobacco, it is erroneous to reason the whiter the ash the better the tobacco. As a matter of fact the finest Clear Havana burns with a characteristic steel-gray ash. Oddly enough, a split ash, commonly regarded as a bad sign, is indicative of a long-filler.

Finally, passing an unlighted cigar under your nose and sniffing tells nothing about the quality of the cigar, though it will tell the clerk back on the counter you're not an expert.

Experts appraise quality on five major counts. In the order of importance, they are, burn or combustion, aroma, taste, colour, and workmanship.

The *burn* of a cigar is most important, for it not only reflects the workmanship, but more important it tells a silent story of the tobacco's quality far better than any other single test. If the cigar does not burn freely and evenly, taking for

granted it was properly lighted, no other combination of features will redeem it. The cigar, once going, should hold its fire for three or four minutes without being puffed, and show no thick black ring of carbon—called the lip—where the ash meets the leaf. The longer the ash, generally, the longer the filler.

Aroma and taste are highly personal issues. If they are agreeable, they are merits. If not, it may still be a fine cigar—but not for you.

The colour of the wrapper should not be of too greenish a cast, nor too pale in colour—indications of insufficient curing. The ideal colour is a rich, ripe, deep, brown; the particular shade is entirely a matter of personal preference.

Workmanship is last. A good cigar should be made smoothly and evenly, without humps or cracks. It should feel firm when squeezed, otherwise it will become spongy and soggy when half-smoked. But it must not be too hard, or else it is not likely to smoke freely. If the filler is not fashioned so that the sprigs of tobacco lay longitudinally, the draw will be impeded.

The finest tobacco rolled by the most expert fingers may be seriously injured, if not completely ruined, by improper care. A certain period of time elapses between the day when it leaves the factory in perfect condition, and the moment that the smoker lights up. Since a cigar is like a sponge in its ability to absorb and throw off moisture, improper handling will often determine a cigar's fate.

The basic principle behind cigar conditioning is to keep the temperature at about sixty-five and the humidity at about, but no more than, seventy-five. Most important is to keep the temperature and the humidity constant, or as near constant as possible. For as soon as the temperature rises beyond this point, the cigar becomes "heated" throwing off its natural moisture and with it its delicate aroma. Then, when you replace the lost moisture, you've lost some of the cigar quality. Obviously, the process of heating up and throwing out moisture to be followed by adding

(Continued on Page 20.)

Pool Splashes

The 1937-38 season opened on Thursday, 21st October, with a 40-yards Handicap.

Handicapper John Gunton had a really good day, as two of the five heats resulted in dead-heats.

New member Thornton, swimming in his first race, landed the first heat in 22 2/5 seconds from a handicap time of 25, Bruce Hodgson, being amongst the also rans, from the scratch mark. Harry English won the second heat in 23 4/5 secs. over two better than his handicap, while the best hot favourite, Stan. Carroll, could do was to tie for second. The third heat resulted in Dexter and Winston Edwards finishing level and with Vic. Richards inches away.

A popular win was that of Norman Levy in the fourth heat.

In the last heat, Alf. Rainbow and Norman Barrell touched down together.

Detailed Results.

1st Heat.—G. Thornton (25), 1; C. Godhard (24), 2; G. Goldie (35), 3. Time, 22 2/5 secs.

2nd Heat.—T. H. English (26), 1; S. Carroll (30) and L. Hermann (23), tie, 2. Time, 23 4/5 secs.

3rd Heat.—J. Dexter (24) and W. S. Edwards (23), tie, 1; V. Richards (21), 3. Time, none taken.

4th Heat.—N. Levy (36), 1; C. D. Tarrant (25), 2, A. S. Block (25), 3. Time, 33 secs.

5th Heat.—N. Barrell (27) and A. E. Rainbow (25) tie, 1; J. Miller (28), 3. Times, 25 4/5 and 23 4/5 secs.

Results of the semi-finals and final will be published next month.

The Hon. Sec. is in receipt of a notification from the British Empire Games Committee regarding season tickets for the Games. These give the privilege of reservation of seats at the swimming contests at North Sydney, and may be obtained at the Empire Games Offices, Rural Bank Building. The supply is limited and will soon be sold out, according to the notice received.

Club member, Alderman Wm. Dovey, K. C., has been elected Patron of Bondi Swimming Club, so we can expect our learned friend up at the Pool on some of these Thursdays to pick a few wrinkles

on how a club should be run. Maybe he'll join in the races just to show his champion children, Margaret and Bill, that they're not the only star performers of the family?

The Swimming Association is girding up its loins in an attempt to put itself back where it was in days not so long ago, when huge crowds used to view its International meetings.

An attempt is being made to engage an organiser or paid secretary who could devote his full time to furthering the interests of the sport.

Finance is, of course, the big hurdle to be surmounted, and it is difficult to see where the money is to come from without vastly increasing affiliation and capitation fees, a move that would be strenuously opposed by most clubs.

Another move is the inauguration of Interclub Competitions, and one that is to be commended from every angle. Such meetings will provide excellent racing and experience for the younger swimmers, and should certainly increase the social side of the game and club interest.

In America these interclub meetings provide the very soul of the game, but there all the clubs have their own pools, whereas here the difficulty in swimming important contests whilst the public is in possession of the baths is apparent.

In Tattersall's Pool the various contests held between our club and others have shown how such contests should be run, and how enjoyable they can be in ideal surroundings.

We must not omit this month to give a pat on the back to Swimming Club member and old oarsman, "Billy" Williams, over his achievements in coaching the young Nepean Rowing Club. After only a few weeks' coaching, these lads, the oldest member only 17 years, made a magnificent showing by unexpectedly defeating leading Sydney crews, and winning the Lightweight Maiden Fours at Leichhardt Regatta.

Before ending off these notes, let us once again tell all members that the Swimming Club is in action every Thursday, and new swimmers will be very welcome. Monthly

point-score trophies, the "Dewar" Cup, and the Christmas Scramble next month are just three of the good things provided, but the biggest of the lot is the fun and sporting spirit attached to all contests in the Pool.

HANDBALL

The John Searcy Handball Cup was won by Block, who had the best performance over the three years the competition was running.

This year's contest was won by the consistent Eddie Davis. Our friend can look back on this Handball season with a great deal of satisfaction, especially as he is in the semi-finals of the "A" Grade Championship.

"A" Grade Championship Results.

1st Round: K. Hunter beat J. Pooley; L. Israel beat P. F. Hernon; F. Chilton beat Z. Lazarus; A. S. Block beat E. T. Penfold; A. E. Davis beat N. E. Penfold; A. J. Moverley beat C. Bastian; G. S. Williams beat A. E. Rainbow; W. A. Tebbutt beat E. S. Pratt.

2nd Round: K. Hunter beat L. Israel; A. S. Block beat F. Chilton; E. E. Davis beat A. J. Moverley; W. A. Tebbutt beat G. S. Williams.

Semi-final: A. S. Block beat K. Hunter, 31-22, 27-31, 31-24.

"B" Grade Championship.

Results:—

1st Round: J. Buckle beat T. A. J. Playfair; A. Pick beat G. Goldie; R. Pollard beat J. N. Creer; I. Stanford beat C. Godhard.

2nd Round: A. Pick beat J. Buckle; N. Conroy beat B. Hodgson; W. G. Buckle beat A. Richards; I. Stanford beat R. Pollard.

Semi-finals: N. Conroy beat A. Pick, 31-26, 31-26; I. Stanford beat W. G. Buckle, 31-21, 31-29.

"C" Grade Championship.

Results:—

1st Round: D. Lake beat N. Murphy; E. Rein beat A. E. Lawton; W. S. Edwards beat E. Bergin; J. Patience beat N. Barrell.

2nd Round: D. Lake beat E. Rein; R. Wilson beat E. Fauser; C. Forrest beat R. M. Hadley; W. S. Edwards beat J. Patience.

Semi-finals: D. Lake to play R. Wilson, and C. Forrest to play W. S. Edwards.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

Annual Race Meeting

FIRST DAY.

Thursday, December 30th, 1937

The Maiden Handicap.

A HANDICAP of £250, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. For Maiden horses at time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £1/10/-.
Seven Furlongs.

The Juvenile Stakes.

A HANDICAP of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Two-Year-Olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.
Five Furlongs.

The Carrington Stakes.

A HANDICAP of £1,000, second £150, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1937, to carry such additional weight (if any) as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10 lbs.). Nomination £1; acceptance £9.
Six Furlongs.
(Nominations close at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 22nd.)

The Novice Handicap.

A HANDICAP of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have not won a race on the flat (Maiden Races excepted) exceeding £75 in value to the winner up to the time of running. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.
One Mile.

The Pace Welter.

A HANDICAP of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.
One Mile.

The Denman Handicap.

A HANDICAP of £350, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.
One Mile and a Quarter.

SECOND DAY.

Saturday, January 1st, 1938

The New Year's Gift.

(For Three and Four-year-olds at time of starting.)
A HANDICAP of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £2. Seven Furlongs.

The Nursery Handicap.

A HANDICAP of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.
Five and a Half Furlongs.

The Flying Welter Handicap.

A HANDICAP of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.
Six Furlongs.

Tattersall's Club Cup.

A HANDICAP of £1,000, second £150, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup or The Carrington Stakes, 1937, to carry such additional weight (if any) as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10 lbs.). Nomination £1; acceptance £9.
One Mile and a Half.
(Nominations close at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 22nd.)

The Trial Stakes.

A HANDICAP of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have not won a race on the flat (winners of Maiden Races and Races limited to horses which at time of starting have not won a race on the flat exceeding £75 in value to the winner excepted), exceeding £100 in value to the winner up to the time of running. Lowest handicap weight, 7 st. Apprentice riders only, allowances as provided by Rule 109. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.
One Mile.

The Alfred Hill Handicap.

A HANDICAP of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7 st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.
One Mile.

NOMINATIONS for Minor Events for the above meeting are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, or Mr. M. P. Considine, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on **MONDAY, 13th DECEMBER, 1937.**

Nominations for any of the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound.

Amount of Nomination Fee must accompany each Nomination. If nominations are made by telegram the amount of fee must be wired.

The Committee reserve the right to refuse any nomination.

Penalties:—In all Flat Races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3 lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5 lb.; over £100, 7 lb.

Weights for Minor Events to be declared as follows:—

For First Day, at 8 p.m. on Monday, 27th December; and for Second Day, at 7 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1937.

Acceptances are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—

For all races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 1 p.m. on Tuesday, 28th December, 1937; and

For all races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 9 p.m. on Thursday, 30th December, 1937.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances.

157 ELIZABETH STREET,
SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

Billiards and Snooker

Annual Billiards and Snooker Tournaments End on High Note

The annual billiards and snooker tournaments have been concluded with nary a word against the winners. General satisfaction has been evidenced on all sides, and the congratulations banded out at the conclusion of "hostilities" were wholehearted and sincere. In this issue of the magazine the two finalists are portrayed, and we doubt if better sportsmen have ever graced the finals of any club.

The billiards final, which was contested by Hans Robertson and Fred Vockler, produced its disappointments. Neither player showed



Mr. F. Vockler.

the form which had gained victory so consistently in earlier stages. Despite that, the game was closely followed by those present, and, whilst the scores at the end tended to indicate a rather one-sided affair, lookers-on realised that the loser was quite capable of making up all the leeway, and more, in one fell swoop. The result was that interest never flagged.

When play started, the board showed:—Vockler (rec. 40) v. Robertson (owes 150). At the finish it read: Vockler, 250; Robertson, 52.

Scores are Not a Reflex of Play.

No need to dilate here upon the excellency of the usual Robertson standard. It is too well known to members.

The same thing applies, more or less, to the winner.

In the first instance, we have a regular 100-break man; and secondly, a consistent exponent who rattled up 40's, etc., often enough to keep the best going full steam ahead.

Congratulations to the winner and loser, who accepted the result in the best possible spirit. In a long line of "annuals" none, surely, ever finished on a better note than that of 1937.

Multi-Ball Game Produces Surprises.

The snooker final brought together J. A. Roles and C. E. Young.

Both have previously tasted the fruits of victory, although the former declared it to be so long since the last success that he could not reckon back in years! The runner-up is in a different category. A short time back, he won "the double," and is always close up at the finish.

This time the handicappers had called upon "C.E.Y." (rec. 12) to concede 28 points per frame to his opponent, who was placed on the receivers 40 mark. The load proved too heavy as things turned out.

The contest was best two out of three games, but the winner made certain of collecting the major money by winning the first two with scores of 90-57 and 85-58.

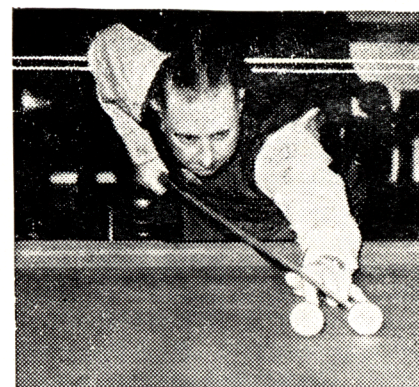
The winner was just a bit too consistent on the day, and did not miss anything easy. He made sure of the reds, and thus reduced his opponents chances to a minimum. In the final stages, Young made desperate attempts to bridge the gap

and took all sorts of risks, but to no end. The winner thoroughly deserved the honour gained. He matched skill with skill, and won.

Billiards Association Makes Alteration to Rules.

The Billiards and Control Council of England has made two important alterations to the rules.

The first one refers only to billiards, and is to the effect that "if



Mr. J. A. Roles.

a player gives two misses and his opponent exercises the right of having the balls spotted, such misses shall be deemed to have been condoned, and a third miss can be made without penalty."

The second rule deals with both billiards and snooker, and relieves the striker of penalty should the marker touch a ball or balls in the act of placing the "rest" on the table.

He is now allowed to replace the balls, whereas in the past, his action constituted a foul. But, and it is a big BUT, too. The PLAYER IS RESPONSIBLE FOR REMOVING THE "REST" FROM THE TABLE, and will be penalised for any fouling of balls.

"You Can't Take It With You"

Condensed from the Rotarian

(Wm. Moulton Marston)

I said, "No, I can't go to a show to-night. I'm over my ears in work, and no theatre in the world will make me forget it."

"Come," said my wife with finality.

So I went. We saw the Pulitzer prize play, *You Can't Take It With You*. Of course you can't take it with you—your money and worldly success—to the next world. Nor can you take your work with you to that hilarious comedy. It chains you to the present.

It's the story of a successful business man who started for the office one day and discovered in the elevator that he didn't want to make any more money. So he rode down and never returned to business again. Farcically, but none the less convincingly, everybody in the play makes himself happy by the very simple rule of not postponing what he most enjoys.

During the past two years I have asked 2,997 persons: "What do you live for?" I discovered that 94 per cent. are merely enduring the present while hopefully waiting for some Utopia in the future.

Poor souls! They are wasting today's realities for to-morrow's speculations, sitting bored at great entertainment, waiting for a better show which may never open. It's a common failing. People in every walk of life are afflicted with the future delusion, and the forms it takes are many.

There is in business, for instance, the person who regards his present occupation as an undeserved interlude, a mere marking of time until fate brings him a bonanza he merits. I know two young fellows who had been earning 75 dollars a week in a big corporation. During the depression their department was discontinued, but they were kept on as correspondence clerks at 35 dollars. Harry accepted the clerk's position condescendingly and endured his duties grudgingly, dreaming always of the big future job he was bound to get. Naturally, he did his work poorly. His indifference resulted finally in a serious loss to the firm,

and he was discharged. He is still looking for that big job.

Dick reasoned that if his present job had to be correspondence work, he might as well have the daily fun of doing it the best he could. He analysed the firm's form letters and tabulated responses. Some, he discovered, were not effected. He burned the midnight mazdas composing new ones, which his chief let him try out. They produced excellent results, and Dick was given more responsible work. Now he is back where he was before the depression, with a yet more promising job ahead. He learned to like what he had to do, lived each day for its own sake and made the future come to him.

Once I asked a healthy well-to-do mother what she was living for. "I only hope my nerves can stand the ordeal until my husband retires and the children get homes of their own," she said. "I'm living for that blessed day when I can rest." Her nerves stood the strain, but when her husband retired and the children married, she went to pieces. She is now a nervous wreck. Her maternal activities might have made her present worth living. But she merely "put up with them." And when they were gone, the future she had dreamed of became a dream of nothingness.

Beside the wistful waiters, there is the futureite who suffers from the greener pastures illusion. A Hollywood actress told me recently: "Oh! I am just *existing* until I get my divorce and marry X." This will be her second divorce but not her last. The man she isn't married to always seems to her irresistibly fascinating. This greener pastures illusion, in a less acute form, blights the life of many a married couple. The mere fact that the present is within their power to enjoy, if they will, makes the future alone seem enjoyable. For it is easier to dream of another partnership than actively to make the most of an existing one.

In truth, there is no future so certain that its approach justifies the abandonment of present effort. And stark tragedy too often follows when we forget that truth. Tim Hardy had been begging his father to help him build a hut. There was nothing Hardy wouldn't do for the child, but building a hut of old scraps and tar paper seemed inadequate. He didn't realise that what Tim wanted was the fun of working together. So Hardy told Tim that he would have a regular playhouse built as soon as he could spare the money. The boy said that would be swell. But why couldn't they make a little hut until the big one was ready? Hardy laughed and said he'd see. Two days later Tim was run over in front of his school. He was dying when his father reached the hospital. Hardy had to bend over to hear the child's whisper: "We didn't get my hut built, did we?"

I asked Babe Ruth what was the most exciting moment of his career, and he told me it was during the third game of his last world series. He was in a slump, his team was behind and two strikes had been called on him. The crowd began to boo. Ruth's desire to win rose to the emergency. He pointed to a distant spot in the field and yelled at the hooting fans: "I'll knock it out there for you!" He hit the next ball where he said he would. It was the longest home run ever made at Wrigley Field. I asked him what he thought about when the ball was pitched. "What'd I think about?" he snorted. "Why, what I always think about. Just hittin' the ball."

There's your champion—the man who keeps his attention riveted on his present act and responds to every crisis with all there is in him. With the outcome of a world series and his own contract hanging in the balance, Babe Ruth thought only about hitting the ball. The next time you are in jam, with a string of mistakes behind you and everything hanging on your next move, forget both past and future.

(Continued on Page 18.)

"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU"

Continued from Page 17.

Think about just one thing—hitting the ball. Let yourself go—give everything you have to your desire to win before the crisis passes. It will be the best performance you ever produced because of the emotional steam behind it. Every crisis offers you extra power. You'd better use it then, because you can't take it with you.

I remember Shelby, who always wanted to travel, but he kept putting travel off until he should have more money and leisure. When he was 46 his aunt died, leaving him her estate. "Now you can take that world trip," a friend remarked. "I could, yes," Shelby conceded. "But if I invest this money I may make enough to retire and live abroad." His habit of losing the present in fantasies of the future had become so ingrained that he could not seize on any reality. The event which might have gratified his long-held desire to travel destroyed it.

You would be surprised at the number who tell me they are waiting for money, or until the children grow up, to travel. But they needn't wait. The travelingest family I know own nothing but an eight-year-old car. In that, the parents and three children have crossed America five times, living on a shoestring, stopping at tourist camps. They are poor, but they don't make that an excuse for postponing what they want most to do

now. When their desire for travel fades it will leave behind it a permanent enrichment of their lives.

There is one desire above all that we must grasp at once, lest it fade forever. That is the desire for culture. For the past eight years a man I know has been promising himself to read certain books—"when he gets time." He hasn't opened them yet, and probably never will. His once eager desire for culture has been killed by postponement. How many people do you know who are incapable of reading anything but the newspaper? They feel a vague need for fresh mental stimulus. But they know culture will always be there "when they have time for it." Culture will be there. But not their desire for it.

"Some interest in ideas and music and pictures arises in everybody," said William James. "Ten minutes a day of poetry or meditation, or an hour or two a week at music, provided we began now, would give us, in time, the fullness of all we desire. But by sparing ourselves the daily tax, we dig the grave of our higher possibilities."

You cannot take yourself out of the present by switching your attention to what may happen to-morrow. You are in the present whether you like it or not. There is just one thing you can take with you into the future, and that is the

knowledge of how to live. You can win that only by *living*—in the real world of every day. If you have that knowledge, you hold a magic key which unlocks to-morrow's treasury of happiness when time pushes it into the present.



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SERIES No. 16.



(Govt. Printer Photo.)

The Darling River near Bourke.

MITCHELL AND THE DARLING

NOT very long after Sturt's remarkable expedition of discovery down the Murray River, there arose in New South Wales another river mystery. An escaped convict returned to Sydney after spending a considerable period in wandering in the interior and told the story of having come upon a great river to the north, which was known to the natives as the "Kindur." His descriptions of the river were so glowing that it was deemed worthy of investigation. Major (later Sir) Thomas Mitchell was the man selected to lead an expedition to investigate the story.

Mitchell began his expedition in November, 1831, at the head of a strong party, with seventeen horses, drays, and canvas boats. Despite considerable exertions by Mitchell no trace of the Kindur could be found; coming upon the Darling, however, some little time was devoted to exploring it. As a result of this expedition, Mitchell arrived at the conclusion that Sturt had been mistaken in assuming that the Darling was the river, of which he had observed the intersection on his expedition down the Murray.

In 1835 Mitchell decided to make another expedition to the Darling in an effort to prove that Sturt was mistaken, his intention being to explore the river along its whole course. Leaving Sydney in March, 1835, he led his party to the Darling and set about the task of tracing its course. He travelled a great distance down the river through extremely difficult country. During the latter part of the expedition he was persistently harassed by natives, who gave every evidence of having hostile intentions. (Mitchell was by no means so fortunate on his expeditions in his contacts with the aboriginals as Sturt had been, and on most of his expeditions a state of hostility arose between the explorers and the natives.)

ON July 11, 1835, he had traced the Darling to within one hundred miles of its intersection with the Murray. Then the ill-feeling which had gradually been growing more evident among the aboriginals culminated in a fierce attack Mitchell's party managed to beat off the attack, but it was deemed inadvisable to proceed any farther down the river in the face of such savage opposition. The expedition returned to Sydney.

Towards the end of that same year Mitchell made another expedition to satisfy himself concerning the outlet of the Darling. His intention was to follow the Lachlan and Murray to the river supposed by Sturt to be the Darling. He was compelled, however, to make several alterations to his original plans, and, cutting across country, came upon the Murray close by its junction with the Darling. Soon after, he came into conflict again with the same tribe which had so actively opposed him earlier in the year. Another savage conflict occurred, in which Mitchell's men had so decided a victory as to put the warlike tribe to flight. Afterwards, the Darling was explored at its southern end, and Mitchell was compelled to acknowledge that Sturt had been quite correct regarding its identity. After satisfying himself on this point, Mitchell turned his attention to following the Murray to the east, passed the junction of the Murrumbidgee and followed the Murray through some of the most fertile land he had ever seen. Turning then into what is now Victoria, Mitchell made his celebrated journey through what he termed "Australasia Felix."

THE ROMANCE OF SPEARMINT'S CAREER

(Continued from Page 11.)

Hammerkop had an advantage of 6lb. Waterchute was beaten at the end of six furlongs, and Hammerkop had had enough three furlongs from the end. Spearmint's display that morning convinced Mr. Gilpin that he had a great chance in the Derby. The third trial was on May 25. Weighted as before, Spearmint this time ran better than Pretty Polly in 'a real good gallop.'

"Starting second favourite at 6 to 1, Spearmint won the Derby by a length and a half from Picton, with Troutbeck third, another two lengths away. He ran the twelve furlongs in 2min. 36 4/5secs., the fastest time for the race up to that year. Eleven days later, with slight odds laid on him, the son of Carbine won the Grand Prix de Paris. But this was his last race, as his legs became jarred, and he was not able to race again. He was kept in training until the summer of the following year, and then went to his owner's stud in Ireland, where he was a pronounced success as a sire. Altogether, Spearmint started in five races for three wins, one second, and once unplaced, his winnings totalling £17,209."

Such is the history of Carbine's great English son, who has established an imperishable name as a sire of exceptional racing sons and of valuable brood mares.

The Smell of a Good Cigar

(Continued from Page 13.)

or replacing moisture amounts to washing out the fine flavour and aroma of the cigar.

Because a cigar actually improves with age—to a point—if properly kept, experienced smokers buy a large quantity at a time to be held by the more exclusive type of tobaccoist who maintains his stock in carefully regulated air-conditioned humidors. A certain ageing process takes place, and inter-marriage of the leaf which the Spanish call *Casado*, which materially improves the cigar. Nonetheless, smokers whose purses dictate the popular brands must content themselves with fresh cigars, or at best, young ones where the incubation period is often of unknown, if not doubtful, care. Manufacturers have for years given this problem serious thought, with several rather practical compromises.

Putting a cigar in a glass test tube and sealing it was a familiar sight some years back. Since then it has given way to the less expensive, unbreakable though less effective cellophane wrapping. Lead foil was very popular at one time, and fairly effective. But recently a new hope has appeared on the horizon that promises to have advantages over former methods. It is a gold foil applied by a heat process that serves as a metal case to somewhat hermetically seal the cigar. While it hides the cigar from the consumer's eyes, it does keep the cigar in unusually fine

condition. As such, it represents a rather good compromise between the cigar that has been kept in a condition of which there's no telling, and the excellently cared for expensive cigar held in the exclusive dealer's scientifically designed humidors for months, if not years.

Given a fine, well-kept cigar, don't make the all-too-common mistake of biting the head off, lighting up in a flash, and puffing away like a locomotive.

The sophisticated smoker *cuts* his cigar head carefully, not only insuring a proper draft, but obviating the annoyance of loose ends touching the tongue or entering the mouth. Carefully, he lights his cigar all around insuring an even burn. Usually he prefers an inodorous alcohol flame, though if he must use a match he'll keep it a half-inch or so away from his cigar to minimise the sulphurous odours permeating and destroying the fine, aromatic qualities of his cigar. Never does he commit the amateur's sin of flicking off his ashes every few minutes, for he knows that by retaining a long ash his cigar will burn slower and cooler, preserving its taste.

As he sits back, puffing away slowly, calmly, if not deliberately, he cannot help feeling that with women all but dominating the cigarette picture, with their recent invasion into pipedom, a cigar, more than ever before, remains distinctly a gentleman's smoke.

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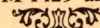
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